

LIFE

Mold-C

PRICE, 10 CENTS
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LIFE PUBLISHING CO

THE FELLOWSHIP OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
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OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



W L D H A C K
"I KNOW THERE ISN'T ANY SANTA CLAUS!"



that's the whole story of
**MAKAROFF
RUSSIAN CIGARETS**

Say MAKAROFF to your dealer today. He
has or can get them, instanter.

Plain, cork-tip or mouthpiece. Fifteen Cents and a Quarter.

Makaroff - Boston

MELLOW AS MOONLIGHT

**CASCADE
PURE WHISKY**

The Life and Vigor of the Grain

While "Mellow as Moonlight" and "The Life and Vigor of the Grain" partially describe the goodness of Cascade Pure Whisky, nothing but Cascade itself fully describes it.

The indescribable life and mellowness that distinguish Cascade come from use of best materials and most careful methods.

Original bottling has old gold label.

Geo. A. Dickel & Co. Distillers
Nashville, Tenn.

**McCallum
Silk Hosiery**

*For a Discriminating Christmas Gift
to a Lady of Quality*

Ask for Ladies' No. 113, thin, very fine gauze, black, and No. 153, companion in white and all colors, medium weight and unusually good wearing quality; and Men's No. 308, black, and No. 227, in white and all colors, equal to the best imported hand-made hose but much lower in price.

Infants' socks in white and colors

Guarantee Envelope
protects against any defect of material or manufacture, and provides matched silk mending thread.

Send for our booklet, "Through My Lady's Ring," which will interest you; and if your dealer hasn't our silk stockings, tell us his name so we may insure your having an opportunity to examine them.

McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY, Northampton, Mass.
Largest Producers of Silk Hosiery in the World

REGO

"SOI, LOIDY, WIPE OFF YOUR CHIN. NOT DAT ONE, DE NEXT ONE."

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*Life's
Calendar
1910*

This is the cover for the regular LIFE Calendar. There are 12 pictures, one for each month. The paper is the finest bristol board, easily turned, and the figures of the month are plain to any eye. It combines usefulness with a splendid decorative quality. Price \$2.00. Order now.

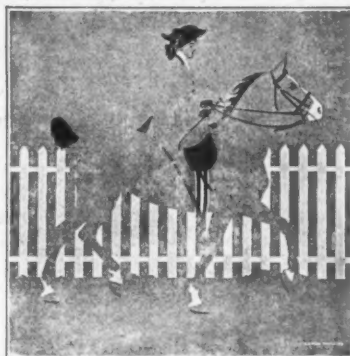
A Cheerful Yearful.

Christmas is coming.
Have you made out that List?

What's a better present to send to a friend than one of these Calendars?

Don't think this over. Just act on it at once.

Copyright 1909 by Life Pub. Co.



THOROBREDS.

One of the pictures in the Phillips Calendar.

Copyright 1909 by Life Pub. Co.



You remember, don't you, some of those striking covers LIFE has been issuing during the past year.

Nothing like them for originality and style has been seen in this country. They make up in part this delightfully decorative calendar, now ready.

Price \$2.00.

Take Time by the Forelock and Order

Life's Calendars

AT ONCE



J.M.F.

"Mama thinks they're great."

WE want you to see these two Calendars, and we want you to see them now. You know what you have always done in the past.

Two things: Among millions of calendars issued every year you have either waited too long, and not obtained the one you saw and liked, or else you have picked out several, and then, after the first of the year, you have seen so many others that you liked better.

No need for that to happen this year. You can send your order direct to this office. We are running a Cheer Factory, and just to get in touch with us will help you.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West 31st St., New York



COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE PRUTER & BABBLE CO., CINCINNATI

"Brightening Things Up" for the Holidays.

Christmas will soon be here. Get ready for it!

The way to do it is with Ivory Soap.

With a cake of Ivory Soap, a couple of soft cloths (one for washing; the other for drying), a bowl of tepid water and another of cold, you can clean almost anything; furniture, hard-

wood floors, painted walls—even the oil paintings.

It is really remarkable what a few hours work will do in the way of improving the appearance of things. The floors will glisten, the furniture will look a hundred per cent. better, while the painted walls will be really clean.

Try it!

AS TO CLEANING PAINTINGS: It is hardly necessary to say that neither Ivory *nor* any other soap should be used to clean water-colors. But a sponge, cold water and Ivory Soap will do wonders in the way of restoring the colors of oil paintings that have become dingy with age and exposure. Use cold water and very little of it. Work quickly. And use Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap . . . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.

LIFE



Mary: ANDREW JEBB, YOU'RE A VERY HANDSOME DOG, AND INTELLIGENT, TOO, AND *most* SYMPATHETIC, BUT YOU CAN'T HOOK A GOWN IN THE BACK, AND WE'RE ABSOLUTELY ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

Get a New Rules Committee

THE football Rules Committee does not seem to be up to its job.

It spends its strength saving the game and forgets to save the players.

We recommend the discharge of the present committee, and the transfer of its duties to a new committee consisting of

ROLLO OGDEN, Editor.

HAROLD J. LEAROYD, Managing Editor.

WILLIAM J. PATTISON, Publisher.

all of the *Evening Post*.

With these gentlemen in charge of the

the rules the American mother may make up some lost sleep.

Mr. Hearst Declares War

ON Monday, November 29, Mr. Hearst's *American* declared war on Nicaragua in an editorial in 14-point type.

Evidently only the beginning of hostilities! Until he moves out into 18-point type Mr. Hearst can hardly be considered to be warmed up. It is true he uses an extra heavy black-face 14-

point to say: "Let the American troops occupy Nicaragua," but even that amounts only to suggestion.

The communication dated December 1 from Secretary Knox to President Zelaya's *Chargé d'Affaires* at Washington seems adapted to save Mr. Hearst further exertion. Mr. Knox virtually abolished Zelaya's government, and said that the United States would be patient with Nicaragua until that country could set up a government capable of protecting American citizens and legitimate American interests, and fit to deal with.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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DISPLEASED with LIFE for what it said some time since about church control of education in Spain and the shooting of Ferrer, our neighbor, the Catholic

Union and Times of Buffalo says:

Were it not for the sword of a Sheridan, a Sherman or a Shields, there would be no republic in which our blatant friend could spout his humbugs. Were it not for a Catholic sailing under the banner of the Blessed Virgin there would be now no New York, whose atmosphere he befouls with his blasphemies. Were it not for his "Catholic friends," there would be no constitution to give his ugly mind the privilege of giving his distorted and monstrous "ideas."

The fervency of our Buffalo friend's spirit has made him careless of his facts. General Sherman was not a Catholic, nor at all affectionate in his feelings toward that church, though he had a Catholic wife; Sheridan was a delightful fighter, but the republic could have been saved without him; Shields was an interesting and picturesque figure, but not an important general in the Civil War. There must have been a score of abler Catholic soldiers than the good Shields on the Union side.

And New York would have been New York whether Columbus had ever sailed or not, and we should have had a Constitution whether there had been Catholics in the convention or not, though those that were in the convention doubtless did their share.

Our Brother in Buffalo has devoted more than a column of his space to execrating LIFE because of its Ferrer comments, but we do not find that he has touched upon what seems to us to be the real point at issue. That point is not whether the Roman Catholic

Church trains some good people. It always has done so, is doing so now, and doubtless always will. It produces individual characters of great beauty and usefulness; produces, we presume, its full share of such characters. But the point LIFE had in mind in discussing Ferrer, was whether popular, representative government can succeed in a country whose whole system of education is dominated by the Roman Catholic Church. In this country that is an academic question, but in Spain and France and Italy it is concrete and practical. Ferrer seems to have been a very faulty person and his schools faulty schools. But whatever he was, and however bad, and however anarchistic, he managed to stand to the outside world as the representative of modern education in Spain. And when he was shot after a semi-secret trial by court-martial there was a general howl that Spain had done a stupid thing, since she had shot a schoolmaster, and schoolmasters were what she needed most.



"IN Spain," says our Buffalo friend, "the Catholic Church is the same as that which exists here."

It is the same in name, but wiser and freer, we hope; and more fortunate in many particulars. If it is the same here as it is in Spain it is the same here as it is in Mexico, and if our brother will look into the condition of his church in Mexico we have faith that he will wish to believe that it is not the same here as it is there. Surely one important element of every church, even the Roman Catholic, is its membership, lay and clerical. If that is so, the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is not quite like that church anywhere else, because its membership breathes a different air, lives under different conditions and institutions, and is born to different traditions and ideas.

There is something in the Roman Catholic Church here that is known at Rome as "the American idea." We understand it is not much approved at

Rome. Perhaps our Buffalo friend has never heard of it. It is the ideas that work from within itself that will modify the Roman Catholic Church in so far as it is modified, and what they will finally make of it—what it is going to be, especially in this country—is one of the most interesting subjects of speculation that can engage the thoughts of contemporary man. As a great conservative force in civilization it is watched with solicitude by observers not of its communion, but who recognize its powers and admire its virtues, and would gladly have their admiration of it less disturbed by distrust.



THE Springfield Republican does a useful service in taking the side of Dr. Cook in the controversy over that adventurous man's achievements and making every point that can be made on his side. What is expected by many observers to be proved in the end about Dr. Cook is that he never ascended Mt. McKinley or got within five hundred miles of the North Pole; that having gulled the public successfully with the Mt. McKinley story he and his backers deliberately organized an expedition to gull the public again and far more profitably by a pretended discovery of the North Pole; that everything about his polar expedition was planned beforehand as far as feasible, with intent to deceive, and carried out as planned.

Nobody wants to believe these charges against Dr. Cook and his backers unless they are incontestably proven. To that end it is important that the defense should be conducted at least as ably and dispassionately as the prosecution, and that is why the labors and vigilance of such advocates of Cook as the *Republican* are useful and important. If the case is eventually proved against Dr. Cook the *Republican* will probably recognize it. Until it is proved it should not be taken for granted. Above all things, it is to be desired that a premature popular acceptance of Cook's claims should not be followed by a premature popular rejection of them.



She: OH! OH! WHAT SHALL I DO!
He: YOU CHANGE HERE FOR THE LOCAL.

Popular Birthdays

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ
Born December 17, 1835

Natura! quam te colimus inviti quoque.—*Seneca.*

Illustrious son of a still more illustrious sire! On this, thy natal day, the zoological departments of the animal kingdom unite to do thee honor. The Mammalia, including the marsupialia, the edentata and the cetacea, to say nothing of the accipitres, the chelonina, and especially the acanthopterygii, the lophobranchii and the cyclostomi, all praise thee and give thee hearty greeting. The cephalopoda, the pteropoda and the gastropoda, including the inferobranchia and the tubulibranchia, not to mention, among the Articulata the dorsi-branchiae, the malacostraca and the lepidoptera, convey their heartiest congratulations; while the pedicellata, the perenchymatosa, the hydrostatica, the polyparii and the gelatinosi are warm in their praises as their sedentary lives permit.

What more can we say, dear sir, except to wish these many happy dynamical, statical, morphological, plasmological and teleological returns of the day!

LYMAN ABBOTT
Born December 18, 1835
"Custos Morum."

The mantle of Henry Ward Beecher could not have been more worthily bestowed; but in order that the one upon whom

it fell should not outshine its illustrious donor, one gift was withheld. His superb sense of humor was not passed on.

It is amazing, sir, that the world should be no better than it is, considering the extent of your activities and the wide range of your moral sway; but who can say how much worse it might have been without you? And to have preserved your course serene, without committing the errors against taste which have often been the misfortune of those esteemed more wise, is in itself to be counted one of your chiefest attributes.

The possession of an equable temperament, a healthy optimism and a spirit of lofty tolerance toward orthodoxy, is a rare combination. To have caught Theodore Roosevelt, with a prospect of eventually taming him, is not the least of your public spirited acts. To all this may be justly added that the preacher within you has been consecrated and uplifted by the journalist.

May you scorn the moving finger of Time and continue among us in unceasing influence.

BRADLEY MARTIN
Born December 18, 1841

Bene ferre magnam Disce fortunam.—*Horace.*

This is a great privilege. We approach it with the humbleness of mind that the subject warrants. To be, if not the first, in the very front rank of American social prominence, is surely awe inspiring.

Mr. Martin, you have excellent judgment in your chosen work and a kind heart. We respect you for your perse-

verance entirely aside from your exalted position. We know that you have a record for fashionable achievement.

We extend to you the hand of good fellowship and wish you joy on your birthday. We hope that the number of these will continue to reflect lustre upon us all, and we trust that you will devote more time to us and less to foreign countries in the future than you have in the past.

Salute!

HENRY CLAY FRICK

Born December 19, 1849

Cernite sim qualis; qui modo qualis eram.—Ovid.

There are those who assert that so far as the fortunes of men are concerned chance governs everything, while others are equally positive that it is Pittsburg. For many of us, to have been born in or near Pittsburg, half a century ago, was equivalent to becoming a millionaire. Can it be said, therefore, that the gentleman whose name graces this greeting has molded his own fortunes, or merely that he has bowed to the inevitable? It is easily conceivable that a man might not want to become a millionaire. Shall we commiserate with Mr. Frick upon the possibility that he was forced into it against his will, or shall we congratulate him upon the fact that Providence started him right? We shall do neither. A man's money ought not to be spoken of in connection with his character. It is a personal matter. One never can tell when it is not a deformity. Mr. Frick has displayed on many an occasion much courage and a great executive ability. He is generous and gentlemanly in his behavior.

Here's to you, Mr. Frick. May your character never grow less!

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Born December 20, 1861

Ut magnum, versus dictabat, stans pede in uno.—Horace.

We were about to wish you, precipitately, many happy returns of the day, when it suddenly occurred to us that, as one of the most prolific authors of the day, you might take it in a wrong sense as meaning book returns. We shall therefore reconstruct our congratulations on a more stable basis and wish you as many more birthdays as you have more books to write. What more can we say?

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Born December 22, 1823

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quaerere vitae.—Lucretius.*

A long and active and high-minded literary career, interspersed with innumerable journalistic incidents; a residence in Boston; almost a five-foot library of books to one's credit, and the respect and love of two generations—one passing away and the other here—surely this is something.

Colonel Higginson, we are glad to greet you on your distinguished birthday. We have not always agreed with your opinions and your estimates, but of what consequence is it that two friends should view existence from slightly different standpoints?

We delight to do you honor on this your natal day. May your shadow never grow less!

ORSON LOWELL

Born December 22, 1871

Habet salem.

While we realize that this little birthday to Mr. Lowell is strictly a family affair, the prominence of both "parties" in the social world demands wide publicity. This young man has done so much to enliven these pages, and he has done it in such a thoroughly workmanlike manner, and with so much elegance and wit, that we should be failing in our obligations if we did not take him aside, on this his birthday, and administer the proper paliative.

Mr. Lowell, we are glad that you are so young. As an artist your skill is a constant delight; as a wit your play of fancy is always unique and interesting; as a friend your companionship is a pleasure.

Many happy returns!

Fate of a Reform

EVENTUALLY there arose a brave and bold man who vigorously asserted that the women were spending too much money. He claimed that no sooner did a man get one



"TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL!"

batch of bills settled than another batch, even greater than the preceding one, fell upon his neck.

Thousands of men agreed with him; he was elected president of an association to prevent the spending of so much money.

For two months he was on the top wave of popularity.

Then the department stores began discharging their employees because of poor business, the factories laid off their hands for the same reason, the railroads curtailed their forces because of decrease in freight—and so it went.

The man was not only deposed and his association abandoned, but he was anathematized as an enemy to his country and a foe of labor.

So the country went back to the old basis, and everybody except the men was happy again.



THAT is, of course, relatively. The vivisectioning doctors cannot prevent cancer, nor cure it, nor understand it. But they can give it to rabbits and mice!

It is possible that after a few more thousand experiments on live animals they may be able to give it to kangaroos—or even elephants.



SHOCKING

Here's to Laugh

AT a recent gathering Dr. Darlington, of the Board of Health, is reported as saying: "And for hydrophobia, which in the past few years has so increased, the Pasteur treatment could not exist without animal experimentation. It consists of an injection from the spinal cords of rabbits that have died of the disease."

Yes, but who wants hydrophobia? It certainly has increased, there is no doubt about that; and the Pasteur treatment has done it. But is hydrophobia, after all, an unmingled blessing, even if so easily created?

Words of wisdom also fell from the lips of Dr. Ewing, of the Cornell Medical College.

"Up to 1900," he said, "medical science offered no hope of prevailing against cancer; it seemed barren ground. But then it was shown that cancer could be transferred from one animal to another, and then institutions for its study began to spring up."

"People talk of limiting in number or direction these experiments. It was only through repetition of experiments that we have learned all we know."

And what do "we" know? Can "we" prevent it? Can "we" cure it?

Medical knowledge of cancer, so far as it benefits the human race, is about where it stood when the bride and groom left the garden of Eden.

But listen to Dr. William H. Park, director of the research laboratories of the Board of Health. He spoke of twelve inoculated guinea pigs, "six placed in the cellar, six in the sun; the first set died, the second recovered. And he said that without the use of animals, proof could hardly have been given that it was a germ disease."

Unfolded here are the wonders of the vivisectioning mind. A new truth has been taught—a "new fact in science" given to a waiting world. Dr. William H. Park has now learned, by experiments on animals, that sunshine and fresh air are better for invalids than a damp cellar.

Yet many of our most intelligent people persist in denouncing vivisection.

A Sure Thing

THE question of what to do with the baby having come up, there was a family consultation, which, of course, included the family physician.

Said the father: "In my opinion he is

handled too much. He ought to be let alone and fed regularly."

Said the physician: "Here is a prescription, however, and I will call again tomorrow."

Said Uncle Jake, a fresh-air fiend: "Put him on the roof and keep him there. He needs a dose of bad weather."

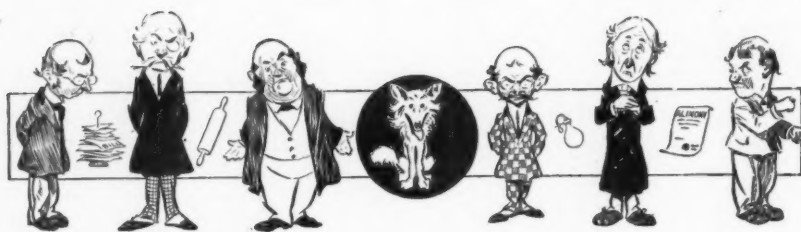
Said Aunt Jane (from New England): "He needs old-fashioned nursing-poultices, bandages and croonings."

But the only one who was really right was the undertaker.



"IT'S RAINING, PATRICK, I JUST FELT A DROP ON MY NOSE."

"THAT'S FUNNY; OI'VE NOT FELT ANY ON MY NOSE YET."



Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

(No Connection With Any Other Establishment)

AS we have already stated, a delegation of the most prominent woman suffragists recently called upon us for the purpose of getting us to declare ourselves on woman suffrage, and while, on general principles, we would rather remain silent, we have never been known to shrink from our duty, and under the circumstances we feel that we can no longer withhold our views.

We do this with the full knowledge that what we have to say may shock a great many narrow-minded and ultra conservative people, but we shall nevertheless proceed, conscious of the fact that we are about a hundred years ahead of the times, and that in common with Bruno, Gallileo and other great men we shall probably be misunderstood. But we are here to do our duty, not only by our large and growing clientele but to posterity.

We may say, right in the beginning, that since the delegation we have mentioned—numbering some of the handsomest and stateliest women we have ever had the rare fortune to behold—called upon us, we have modified our views somewhat. We should like also the privilege, in common with all of the really great minds, of changing these views from time to time, as circumstances may warrant.

But at present we unhesitatingly say that we are in favor of woman suffrage, with certain limitations. This may come as a surprise to many, but we are fully prepared to explain and defend our position.

In the first place, in spite of all statements we hear from time to time from scoffers and satirists and alleged humorists, to say nothing of psychologists and other small intellectual fry, we wish to state that we still believe in the power of love. Gentle, loving and trusting hearts are coming together all the time, in spite of adverse conditions. At the risk of appearing foolish, we want to say that we firmly believe in kissing and billing and cooing—in fact, all the en-

dearing terms known—and all the depths of sentiment there are to keep us going. We couldn't conduct our business for a moment if it weren't for this same sentiment. It's the only foundation we have.

We dislike to be too personal, but as we have already felt it advisable to hint, our own married life has not been without its thorns. We have had troubles of our own and we know whereof we speak. And from the depths of our own experience we shall have to admit that when it comes right down to real life, somehow, in our own home, we have never been able to find a real good substitute for a woman who understands her business. We have tried it often—we have had to—but it has never worked.

Our own wife no doubt has her good points, if any one with more patience and omniscience than we have can find them. We repeat that we speak of her more in sorrow than in anger, but there have been many occasions in the past when we have looked for her in vain at critical moments, and we are therefore well qualified to speak on the woman suffrage question from a practical standpoint and to say that nothing so far as we know so mitigates and alleviates a baby at certain dark moments as the presence of a woman.

We have been forced in bringing up our family to adopt other expedients, but none of them has worked properly. There has always been something lacking. We have sat up a good many nights over this problem, and have walked the floor with it, but woman, trusting, loving and uncultured woman is the only solution that we have found up to date. If we come across any other, in the course of our midnight researches, we will announce it to the world in double quick time.

As our business brings us in touch with the matrimonial situation all over the country, we are familiar of course with the argument that children are not really necessary, and that when women have reached their ideals they will be able to get along without them.

Our own experience has been that children, as they grow up, are a great and growing source of comfort when our wife is gadding about the country. We don't have to do much in order to excite their sympathy for our lonely condition, and in the absence of our better half at some convention or card party they help us amazingly over the rough places. Oftentimes in this way we have been able to pour our pet grievances into the ear of a young and innocent child when, if there wasn't any, we should probably be writing about it to the newspapers or telling it to a lawyer.

On the other hand, since we have had the opportunity of meeting some of our leading suffragists face to face, and seeing how altogether good looking they are, we must confess that we wouldn't do anything willingly to take away from their charm.

And so we desire to go on record as being in favor of a combination of limited woman's suffrage and limited polygamy. We see no reason why those women who want to be suffragists should



"There have been moments in the past"



THIS SLOT MACHINE TOOK BILLY'S PENNY AND THEN REFUSED TO WORK

not be so, or why those other women who prefer to stay at home and raise children should not do so. As each of them in her own way is fulfilling her destiny—whatever that is—man ought to be big and broad enough to have two wives, one for home purposes and the other to attend political conventions with. We shall work toward this end in spite of the storm of protest that our announcement will necessarily provoke.

This naturally lies in the future. For the present we advise every suffering husband to take advantage of our latest offer, the reduced rate of which expires on the first of the year. No matter

what your matrimonial difficulties may be, take an initial three months' course. Write us fully and freely and we will convince you that in a short time we can make your home a happy one. The secret is ours. Don't delay. Obey that impulse and file your name and address at this office. We will cure you if it is possible. Full programme of our entertainment committee and prospectus of our famous book, "Galaxy of Beauty," mailed on application. Our photograph, suitable for framing, sent with every order.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.
Call, write or wire.

An Appeal From Ottawa

OTTAWA SOUTH, ONT.,
November 19, 1909.

To the Manager,
Husbands' Correspondence Bureau.

DEAR SIR:—I have been wondering a good deal lately whether you could do anything for me. I was not born married. I am not likely to achieve matrimony. Therefore, except this unhappy condition be thrust upon me (which is, of course, an ever-present danger to all men), I am likely to die a bachelor. But this is ever my fear—that it may be thrust upon me. This, the nightmare which is poisoning my existence. The brightness of the sun is dimmed, and the grass—the green grass of the fields—is of a pale olive-greenness sadly unlike the emerald hues of youth.



"WHO IS THAT OVER YONDER, OFFICER?"
"ONE OF OUR LEADING LIGHTS, MR. HENRY FIREFLY."
"GOSH, I THOUGHT 'T WAS A CONFIDENCE MAN WITH A GOLD BRICK UNDER HIS COAT."

A certain widow—and if there is a more terrifying, marrow-freezing object in all creation than a widow I would be very glad indeed if you would send me a description of the animal, with particulars as to distribution, etc., by return of post (I inclose self-addressed stamped envelope)—a certain widow, I say, has fixed her eye upon me. She has marked me for her own. She has seen in me an easy mark, and has already begun a most determined and calculating campaign of cunning, to the end that she may lead me to the altar. I feel, sir, even as the poor fly must feel, as it becomes more and more enmeshed in the spider's web. May I not hope for the powerful aid of your bureau in my extremity? I am cognizant of the noble and beneficent work which you have done and are doing for the husbands of America, but I tell you, sir, that unless you extend the scope of your operations so as to lend succor in the case of the lonely and unprotected bachelor—a most deserving and much maligned class—your work will lack unity and completeness. You will miss the satisfaction that comes to the man who feels that he has done his whole duty. You will miss—but I will not trespass further on your patience. I will rest my case here, confident in the belief that I have not appealed to you in vain.

Yours very truly,
W. L. U.

What Every Landlord Knows

THAT tenants are an unreasonable lot. That taxes and repairs keep him hard up all the time.

That his only error is in treating his tenants too well.

That a man is a fool who insists upon clean wall paper and sound plumbing.

That tenants spend all of their time driving nails in the wall and scratching the wainscoting.

That if the tax rate goes much higher he'll sell out everything and invest in government bonds.

That if the tenants knew how hard it was for him to get along they would be more watchful of his interests.



"IT'S NO USE: I CAN'T TEACH YOU TO SWIM. YOU EAT TOO MUCH HARDWARE."



CONDUCTORS



CLERKS

WHY EXEMPT
THESE
?

ALSO, WHY NOT TIP MINISTERS, SCHOOL TEACHERS AND A THOUSAND OTHERS, IN SHORT, WHY NOT ABOLISH THE WAGE-SYSTEM ENTIRELY AND HAVE A GOVERNMENT DEDICATED TO THE PRINCIPLE THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED TO TIP AND BE TIPPED?

Arthur Young

TO DEFENDERS OF TIPPING

The Pith of the Row

THERE has been a great row among the Christian Scientists. The papers have had columns of news about it for weeks past. The laity have glanced through these columns and found many words, but has failed to learn from them what the row was really about.

We hear that the pith of the disturbance was a concern of no less importance than the perpetuation of the human species; one element (represented, as we understand it, by the New York leader lately deposed) inclining to the position that the degree of human perfection attainable by Christian Science was incompatible with offspring; the opposed element (the home office) maintaining that that teaching was heretical, and that the married Christian Scientists had better go on raising children.

If this explanation is valid it has the merit of explaining. We hear of a suppressed book, and of teachings to young women which were thought to be very objectionable, and were fought by the Boston office.

There is nothing new about this form of heresy in Christian Science. It has been cropping up from time to time ever since that movement started, and, indeed, has been cropping up ever since the Christian Era began. It is a self-curing heresy. Sects that adopt it die out in time like the Shakers and many others.



A MENTAL RESERVATION



A MEDIUM TEST

Uncle Sam: DANG IT! I'M TOUCHED BY YOUR MARVELOUS POWERS. YOU CAN DO MOST EVERYTHING, AND ME A HOLDING YOUR HANDS.

Carelessness Transpires in a Neighbor

They have representatives here who are trying in every way to learn just what is transpiring in the Stetson home. . . . Those who dwell with Mrs. Stetson have been sworn to secrecy as to what transpires within her home.—*New York Times*, Nov. 19.

TELL your young man, neighbor, how it is about "transpire"; that nothing transpires so long as it is kept secret, etc., etc. You owe it to the public not to let so primitive a misuse of words go uncorrected.

Tenderloins

A TENDERLOIN is that large and integral part of every American city which everybody knows and suffers to exist; which, on moral grounds, the majority deplore while the few justify;

which, on commercial grounds, the few deplore while the majority justify; which, on the grounds of expediency, the politicians occasionally make lurid attempts to regulate; which, on the grounds of graft, the politicians make contribute heavily to their private as well as public expenses; but to get rid of which no serious organized attempt is ever made either by parties, preachers or populace.

We want to make the men ridiculous.—*Mrs. Pankhurst's speech at Haverford, Pa.*
DID we understand her to say "men"?

YAWN and the world yawns with you; think and you think alone.



"The Nigger" and "The Lottery Man"

MARRY-come-up. Likewise gadzooks. A tremendous and fashionable audience actually showed spontaneous enthusiasm at the New Theatre. The occasion was the first performance of Mr. Edward Sheldon's play, "The Nigger." The enthusiasm was genuine, because in an audience that filled the big auditorium the applause came from all parts of the house at once and no claque, subsidized or friendly, or both, could have been so distributed or controlled as to provoke such a demonstration.

The enthusiasm was warranted because the event was a memorable one in the history of the theatre in America. Here in the finest play-house in the world, founded by Americans, a play dealing with an American topic, written by an American, played by American actors, and staged by an American, made a powerful and irresistible appeal to the emotions of one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever gathered in a theatre and an audience more inclined to be critical than indulgent.

"The Nigger" is pleasant neither in title nor topic. But it dealt with a subject of vast interest to thousands of our people and with a problem sad because it seems incapable of solution and which must be ever with us. It was summed up in the hopeless paradox of the final situation—the Governor of a Southern State stepping on to a balcony to confess to the

people who had elected him that he was unfit to be their Governor because in his veins there was a faint trace of negro blood, his appearance being greeted by a band playing

My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty.

Here was the unanswered and unanswerable problem in the matter of civil rights, but it had been preceded by the yet more hopeless one of social equality which gives Mr. Sheldon's play its dramatic interest. Its hero had lived and come to love in the belief that he was white, the peer of any man or woman, suddenly to be cast into worse despair than he could have ever known if he had always been aware of the taint in his blood. The author makes his Southern heroine, after the first revulsion at the discovery, renew her love which the hero, with better realization of the facts, puts away from him. Here Mr. Sheldon goes into the impossible, at least with a Southern woman of the type Miss Annie Russell so admirably depicts. Space is lacking for a close analysis of the play, but futile as it is in even suggesting a remedy for the evil it portrays, it has strong acting possibilities and the power deeply to move its hearers.

The New Theatre company is beginning to find itself. Mr. Guy Bates Post was an excellent selection for the leading part, and he was ably seconded by Miss Russell, Mr. Ben Johnson as a distiller active in politics, Miss Sitgreaves as a really tragic colored "mammy," and a judicious assignment from the other members of the company to the minor roles. Mr. Emens's scenery was distinctly Southern in its coloring and harmonized with the general atmosphere of the play.

"The Nigger" is the best achievement of the New Theatre so far and is in the line of what the institution is expected to do. It is doubtful whether the play, largely on account of its topic, could have secured a place in the commercial theatre, but with its present endorsement it is likely soon to be seen in other cities.

THE Bijou Theatre's run of bad luck has at last turned. The mascotte is Mrs. Rida Johnson Young's farcical comedy, "The Lottery Man," which, like "Seven Days,"



AN AMUSING GAME

further up the street, is three acts of continuous, uproarious laughter. In fact a good many of the lines are lost because when they are spoken, not all the audience has stopped laughing at something that has been said just before. The piece is slangy, but it is slangy for a purpose, and as most of the expressions are carefully chosen and put in the mouth of the diminutive Miss Louise Galloway, who delightfully impersonates a very charming old lady, they are not at all offensive.

"The Lottery Man" uses none of the threadbare lines of farce, and its fun arises from an ingenious plan of the hero to put himself up as the matrimonial prize in a newspaper coupon contest. In the beginning he is fancy free and is willing, for the money he is to secure for a deserving mother, to marry any woman whose coupon may win him. The plan is no sooner put into execution than he really falls in love, which causes complications ingenious and highly mirthful.

Mr. Cyril Scott is the hero. He is an excellent light comedian and has lost none of the attractive youthfulness of appearance, but his methods have become slightly coarse and more boisterous and not quite so refined as they used to be. Some of this doubtless lies in his conception of the part, but more of it no doubt comes from the effect that road-touring in America seems to have on a great many persons of the stage. A large part of the fun is contributed by Miss Helen Lowell in a character part not entirely dissimilar to her famous *Miss Hazy* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Her absolute sacrifice of personal attractiveness to the requirements of the part is evidence of a very creditable artistic conscience. Miss Janet Beecher is a charming, sensibly girlish heroine, and the other parts are creditably filled.

There is a tradition that women have no sense of humor, but "The Lottery Man" and "Seven Days" are calculated to send that belief to a place on the top shelf where the exploded notions are stored. Our male dramatists are writing either sad librettos for musical farces or exploiting serious theories and problems to the extent that it looks as though the more enterprising sex might come in and take the comedy field entirely away from them.



IT'S only a few years ago that our best theatres were almost entirely monopolized by imported plays. With few exceptions American plays were politely

or impolitely shown the door by American managers. In the palmy days of the Theatrical Trust there was a corporal's guard of native dramatists who could



Bostonian Kid: GRANDMA, AS MY PRECEPTOR YOU HAVE INCULCATED IN ME THE THEORY THAT SANTA CLAUS RESIDED AT THE EARTH'S APEX. WHY DID COOK AND PEARY THEN NOT RETURN WITH AFFIDAVITS CORROBORATING THIS IN THEIR STORIES OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE POLE?



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Academy of Music—"St. Elmo." Notice later.
Astor—"Seven Days." Uproarious farce.
Belasco—"Is Matrimony a Failure?" Comedy of suburban society life.
Bijou—"The Lottery Man." See above.
Broadway—"The Midnight Sons." Musical farce, tuneful and funny.
Casino—"The Girl and the Wizard." Customary Casino musical farce, with Mr. Sam Bernard as the comedian.
Comedy—"The Melting Pot." Mr. Israel Zangwill's idea of what America means to the Jews.
Criterion—"Israel." Bernstein's emotional drama of anti-Semitism. Not well cast, but notable for one strong scene.
Daly's—"The Belle of Brittany." Tuneful musical comedy, with Mr. Frank Daniels as the star.
Empire—Last week of "Inconstant George." Mr. John Drew in diverting French farcical comedy.
Garden—"His Name on the Door." Mr. Frank Lord's drama based on the insurance cases. Interesting.
Garrick—"The Harvest Moon." Possibilities of mental suggestion explained in interesting dramatic form.
Hackett—Mr. George Arliss in "Septimus." Pleasing and well-acted dramatization of Mr. Locke's book.

secure a hearing or a reading for their work, but for the most part the managers preferred to lessen their chances of loss and force on the public plays that had been successes abroad. Writers about the stage, the present one among others, were constantly calling attention to the fact that American life supplied plenty of dramatic material quite as interesting to our public as the adventures of foreign dukes, earls and vicomtes. The successes of Mr. Fitch and his contemporaries inspired other writers to a study of stage requirements, with the result that the bulk of royalties now being paid goes into American pockets instead of abroad.

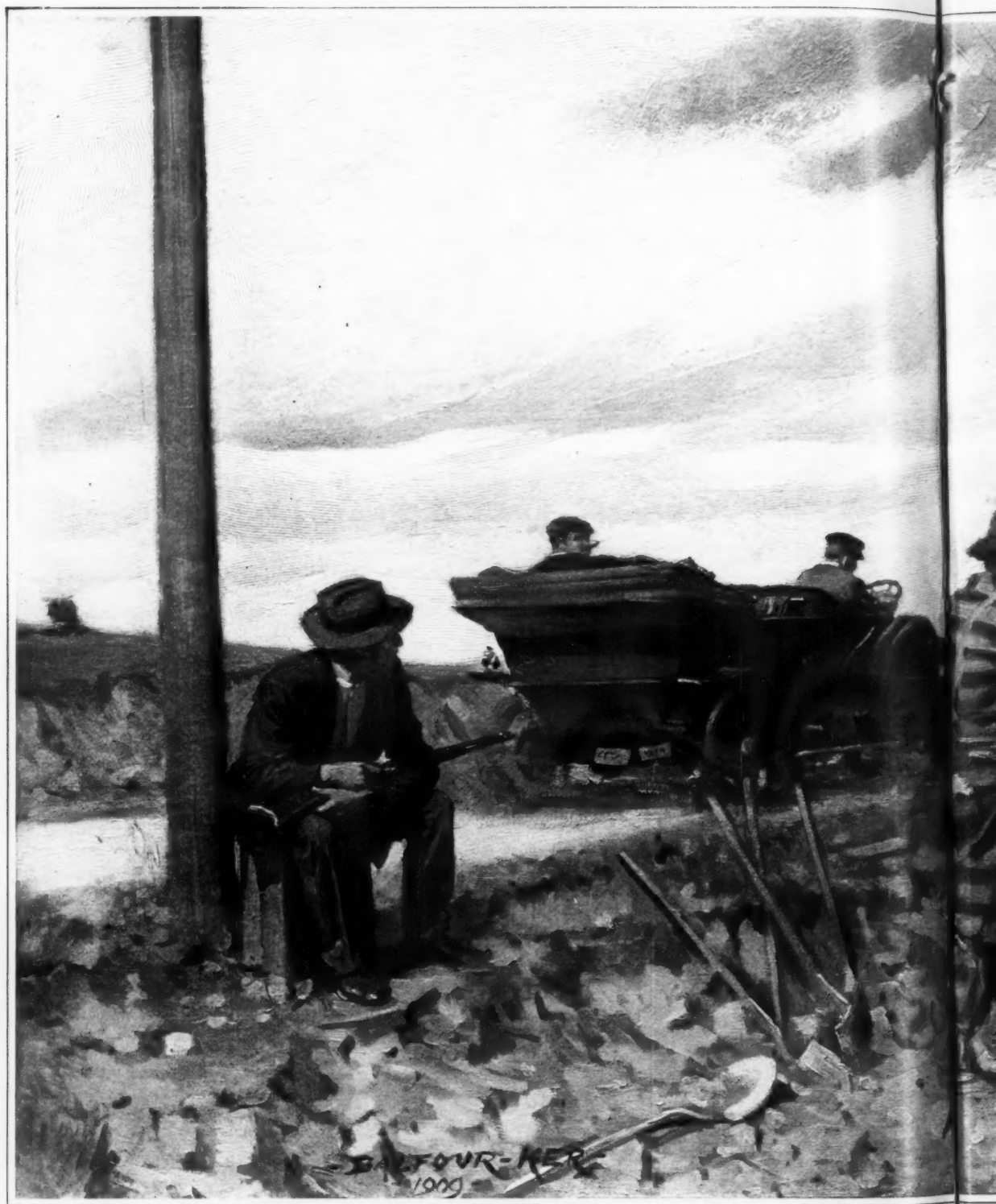
This development is one of several that point to a rosy future for the American theatre. Its writing is attracting a better class of brains, reputable business men are beginning to see something of the possibilities of the theatre as a legitimate commercial interest and the growing attention of the universities to the theatre will recruit to it in all departments a more desirable element than it has ever known in this country. All of which was and is devoutly to be wished.

Metcalfe.

Courage

WIPE away your tears, little girl,
 I pray you do not cry,
 For Santa Claus is coming
 In the sweet buy and buy.

Herald Square—Mr. Lew Fields in "Old Dutch." Laughable musical farce, with score by Mr. Victor Herbert.
Hippodrome—Ballet, spectacle and circus, big and brilliant.
Hudson—"Arsène Lupin." Interesting and well staged French detective drama.
Lyceum—Marie Tempest in Mr. Maugham's "Penelope." Notice later.
Lyric—"The Chocolate Soldier." Charming Viennese music and book based on Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man."
Manhattan Opera House—Repertory of grand and comic opera.
Maxine Elliott's—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Mr. Jerome's interesting mystical play admirably acted by Mr. Forbes-Robertson and English company.
New Theatre—Repertory of dramas and minor operas.
Savoy—"The Awakening of Helena Richie." Popular novel well dramatized and well acted.
Stuyvesant—Last week of "The Easiest Way." The Tenderloin in microscopic review.
Wallack's—"The Fourth Estate." Interesting and absorbing newspaper drama.
Weber's—Last week of "The Climax." Delightful little serious comedy of musical life.



Puzzle:—Find the Ma WH



the Man Who Stole a Million

THE LATEST BOOKS

THERE is an old saying that it is the unexpected that happens. But one strongly suspects that this belief is founded, not on statistics, but on the same psychological bias that leads us to credit the outstanding habit of a sore thumb. For instance, I heard the other day, on the presumably trustworthy authority of a news-stand man, that the novel most in demand at the moment is Mr. Robert Hichens' *Bella Donna*, and that its nearest competitor in public favor is *The Old Wives' Tale*, by Arnold Bennett. And although the first of these facts is a manifest example of the expected's having happened, we would in all probability have thought nothing of it were it not for the coincidence of the unlooked for's having been beaten by only a nose.

For we all know Mr. Hichens, and, even if we do not all agree about the intrinsic quality of his fiction or upon the nature of the stimulus to be derived from it, we are not easily astonished at any warmth of reception accorded a new book bearing his name. "But what," we inevitably ask ourselves, "is Mr. Bennett doing in this galley?" For Mr. Bennett is an English writer hitherto for some strange reason almost unknown to us in America; and *The Old Wives' Tale* is a piece of literature altogether worthy a wide audience, and yet unlikely one would have imagined to reach it, except by a gradual percolation; so that one cannot but wonder by what underground and seldom used passages known to Fame, and by what wireless ways of telepathic awareness, we have so suddenly become conscious of him and of it.

IN *Bella Donna*—a story in which is laid before us with effective accessories of scenic background and Levantine supernumeraries the abortive attempt of the notorious Mrs. Chepstow to rehabilitate herself at the expense of an unworldly-wise husband—Mr. Hichens has inadvertently let us see more clearly than ever before the purely emotional inspiration of his art and the frankly sensational nature of our response to it. The story makes both exciting and engrossing reading. It is highly dramatic in plot. It is effectively picturesque in setting. And its implicit suggestion of resemblance between the somewhat sordid tragedy it narrates and the tropic color and exotic accidents of this tragedy's surroundings intoxicates the imagination.



His Wife: O, HENRY! ISN'T THIS FINE!

But, as with other intoxications, the aftermath is a revulsion. We have been led quite unresistingly to hate Mr. Hichens' Mrs. Chepstow. But we soon realize, and with something faintly akin to disgust, that we have brought away from the experience neither sympathetic insight nor charitable understanding, nor even psychological knowledge with which to apprehend the shriveled human souls or to analyze the bitter minds of those other and less spectacular Mrs. Chepstows to whom the background of the Nile has been denied.

IN *The Old Wives' Tale*, Mr. Bennett, in the quietest and most unobtrusive manner imaginable, has carried modern interpretative fiction a step beyond its previous attainment. The "tale" is a curious story; leisurely, apparently plotless, superficially uneventful by reason of its unemotional treatment of "events." It carries us from the youth of its two leading characters and from the middle age of their middle-class English parents through to the ultimate death of every one closely connected with the story except a single and, by then, middle-aged representative of the third generation—a survivor who, by his mere surviving, stands before us as the sole and utterly negligible result, humanly speaking, of the whole intensely human struggle. In short, Mr. Bennett has achieved the complete amalgamation of two motifs never heretofore quite successfully combined in fiction: the simple, intimate, all but homely rendering of the supreme significance of life to the individual; and the simple, non-argumentative setting forth of the supreme insignificance of the individual in the mysterious aims of life.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Bella Donna, by Robert Hichens. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.
The Old Wives' Tale, by Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A FASCINATING woman is employed by the United States Secret Service to get at the secrets of Congressmen and Senators. The following correspondence was exchanged by wireless:

"Your report is vague. Obtain further particulars."

"Am having a lover's quarrel with him. Shall be reconciled to-morrow; will send full details."



IF STYLISH FOR A HORSE, WHY NOT FOR A MAN?

The Duke of Portland's Opinion

"IF I see horses approaching me, with a cruel, tight bearing-rein, their heads hauled up to an unnatural height, I expect to find, and generally do, a very third-class looking coachman on the box, with a very fourth-class looking carriage, which is generally occupied by people of a vulgar type."



A GOAL WON

Football and Hysteria

GENERAL WINGATE, of the New York Board of Education, is quoted as saying: "Personally I think the whole outcry against football is hysterical."

Wouldn't you be nearer right, General, if you omitted from your sentence the four words preceding "football"?

Isn't it football itself that is hysterical? The papers said that 47,000 persons wanted the 19,000 tickets which were Harvard's share in the late Yale-Harvard game. As played this year football has been a pretty crazy game, and people have been just a little crazier about it than they ever were before.

What do you say yourself? "I am strongly opposed to boys playing the game without being trained to the proper physical condition."

Who is going to look after all the boys and see that they are trained to the proper physical condition? Who is going to watch them every minute while they play, and pull them out of the game as soon as they become exhausted and lose form, and before they get their necks broken as Byrne did at West Point?

Practically, General, you are opposed to football unless every player has a nurse.

The jig is up with the game on your showing. If it is so dangerous as to call for unceasing vigilance to save the players alive, it is too dangerous to be useful as a national sport. *E. S. M.*

Recent Divagations of Mr H. G. Wells

MR. H. G. WELLS has long been an interesting, stimulating and entertaining writer. His imagination is lively, he knows a number of things, his mind is very active and he is a good writer.

Lately in two novels he has dropped a good ways down into the sex problem, a matter that is of profound importance to society. His treatment of it discloses the incompleteness of his equipment. In his novels he discovers the same lack that one finds in Jack London—inability to distinguish between right and wrong; incapacity to appreciate the ground on which civilized society has disapproved some things, tolerated others, and stamped others still with the mark of approbation.

It is admirable to be superior to prejudice, but it can be overdone. There are

prejudices, especially in the concerns of sex, which the simple, sinless animals do not have, which increase in force and importance in human societies as they advance in civilization. The prejudice in favor of monogamy is one of them; that in favor of marital fidelity is another. Mr. Wells seems to be quite superior to both. If he continues to be so, his usefulness as a writer for the edification of civilized communities will be greatly impaired.

Civilization is imperfect, and the rules of it are very imperfect, but there is more sense in them than unprejudiced innovators without any particular moral training are usually able to understand. We should be sorry to see Mr. Wells sheer off into the group of clever writers which includes George Moore and Jack London, whose books are dangerously unsound on their moral side.

THE inclination of human creatures toward veracity is inversely to the number of personal facts they need to hide. Folks who can't make conduct match laws like to make laws match conduct.



In 1910

Father's in his airship
Gone to spend the day,
Looking after loans and bonds
In Europe, o'er the way.
Mother, who likes comfort,
And does not care to roam,
Is shopping via wireless,
In Paris, at her home.
Brother, who in deep seas
Has a cora grove,
Is going in his submarine
Among his crops to rove.
Uncle, in the navy,
Who's left his ship a span,
Is shooting through pneumatic tubes
To join her in Japan.
Sister, who's a suffragette,
Has worked reforms so rare
That even the ward meetings
They open now with prayer;
And when, tired by their labors,
She'd body rest and soul,
She goes to spend for pleasure
A week-end at the pole.

—Detroit Free Press.



A PAIR OF FIRE DOGS

Some Christmas Thoughts

A fat Christmas means a lean New Year.

Better a candied apple on a stick than a jeweler's bill on the way.

Be tactful in filling another's stocking lest you put your foot in it.

Forgive your enemy to-day, even if you have to start a new quarrel to-morrow.

Let your gifts go into the hands of a receiver, but don't get into his clutches yourself.

A ton of coal in the cellar is worth two baby grand pianos in the creditors' schedule.

Let the baby beat the drum and Willie toot the horn. That is their idea of peace on earth.—Success.

A COLORED man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate.

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door.

"Yassuh," she replied between sobs.

"I want to see the remains."

"I is de remains," she answered proudly.—Everybody's.

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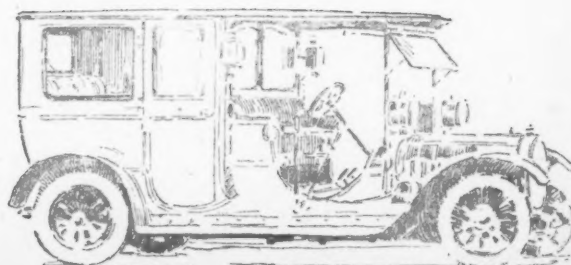
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Football

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback on his ear.

The center sat upon his legs.
Two ends sat on his chest.
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.

The left guard sat upon his head,
A tackle on his face.
The coroner was next called in
To sit upon his case.

— Detroit Free Press.

Jealousy

"My dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipeds."—Democratic Telegram.

A Practical Demonstration

"Nearly everybody has a well-developed bump of curiosity."
"Think so?"

down."—Puck
paragraph will turn the paper upside
"Yes; most of the people who see this

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ORIENT

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"Willie, isn't that one of Lackaye's stories?"

"Not yet," quickly answered Willie.—Lippincott's.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

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Rhymed Reviews

Truxton King

(By George Barr McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Well, here's another!—"Truxton King."

The same old Graustark-Zenda setting;

The same bad Count; the same old ring

Of plotters, stupidly forgetting

The simplest ways of settling scores;

The same old nobles, kind and cranky;

The same old traps and secret doors,

The same old dauntless, errant Yankee;

The same old crown in evil plight

(The gilt thereon grows rather thinnish),

The same old cataclysmic fight,

The same old grand, triumphal finish!

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Of ringing shields and splintered lances

That fed the soul of eager Youth!
Dethrone usurping story-tellers
Who take no thought for style or truth,
But rush to market "biggest sellers!"

Which means, I'd much prefer to read
A work of nobler thought and diction
Composed by one who chose to heed
The verities of honest fiction.

Arthur Guiterman.

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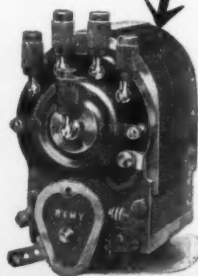
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We sit in our study where the purple twilight filters softly through the mullioned window. On the table are flowers—jasmine in an ormolu vase. Our scarfpin is of jade. A faint perfume—is it attar of roses?—permeates the room. Softly, very softly, lest we break the spell we press an electric button, and presently a servant enters, noiselessly, bearing a tumbler of Bohemian glass filled with *cau sucré*.

* * *

The reader will pardon these personal details when it is explained that we have been reading the latest novel by Myrtle Reed—*Old Rose and Silver*—and are endeavoring gently to induce a mood of harmonious cogitation. But why, someone may ask, do you read a novel by Myrtle Reed? To which the answer is perfectly simple:

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(Continued on page 899)

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(Continued from page 888)

Why, indeed? The purple twilight deepens as we ponder. We sip the *eau sucrée*, and—suddenly across the darkness between the pale stars flames a meteor—an uncharted voyager through infinite seas of space. It leaves a trail of fire— But pardon us; unwittingly we plagiarize.

As we were about to say, it is a very pretty book, in lavender covers, with design and lettering in silver and old rose; and as we turn the pages we are glad that our fingers have been freshly manicured. . . . Two million, five hundred thousand people. Why? There flits across our vision the figure of a crusty exchange editor employed on a New York evening newspaper. One of his duties was to discover in the litter of papers and periodicals a daily short story which he might appropriate—with credit, of course, yet without cost. Knowing as he did his *clientèle*, and waving his own personal preferences and tastes, he approached his task of selection with a formula in mind. To read each tale that fell beneath his shears was not essential. Invariably he turned to the last paragraph, and if it read in substance: "Her head sank gradually on his shoulder," he knew that his search had been rewarded. Thus did he lighten his toil, spare his soul much needless affliction, yet perfectly discharge his functions as an editor. The rest, with

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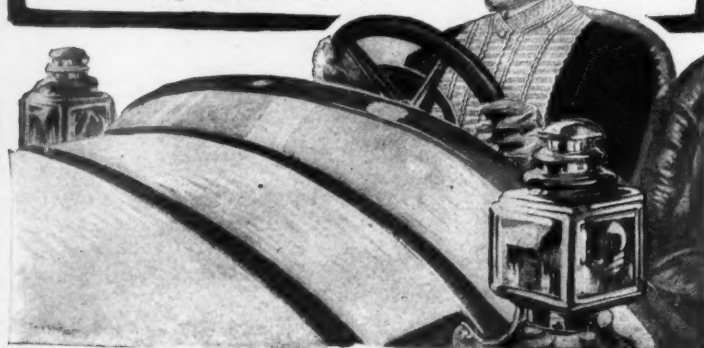
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(Continued on page 903)



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From Our Readers

(Continued from page 902)

whip over them myself until the shame of it all sickened me. Yes, Mexico has its Nathan Hales, its Lovejoys, its John Browns, many of them hanged or shot or left to rot in barbaric dungeons for no other crime than insisting upon the Mexican constitution of 1856 being enforced instead of violated.

Some who fled to this country are being hounded from place to place, illegally arrested, kidnapped, or kept in jail *incommunicado*, awaiting deportation and sure death upon trumped-up ridiculous charges at the behest of Diaz. Our servitude for this Perfidio Diaz reached a sublime apex when our American courts condemned an author to one year in prison for criticizing the Mexican Czar. All this while Taft is having a secret interview with Diaz, fêting him and shaking him by the hand, while our dear people hurrah and hurrah—from behind a double row of bayonets! Shades of Washington and Lincoln, what are we coming to? Did I say our blood is changing into ditchwater? No! It is ditch-ditchwater.

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To be aroused by a new book is such a rare sensation that when this happens something ought to be done in commemoration of the event. Hence this short paragraph.

The book referred to is *The New Word*, by Allan Updand. (London: Fife.)

Mr. Updand takes as his text the clause in the Nobel will in which the testator leaves a certain sum to be given to the one who writes during the year the best book of idealistic tendency. He then proceeds to write his book around the word idealism, and, in doing it, incidentally has more fun with several old friends than any one man ought to have in the course of a natural lifetime.

Mr. Updand first published his book anonymously, but it having been brought to the attention of several eminent English literary men, who noticed it favorably, the second edition appears with his name on the title-page. He is the corresponding secretary of the Athenian Society in Greece.

It's a great book.

T. L. M.

Latest Books

Italian Hours, by Henry James. (Houghton Mifflin Company. \$7.50.)

It Never Can Happen Again, by William De Morgan. (Henry Holt Company. \$1.75.)

A Book of Precious Stones, by Julius Wodiska. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.)

Abraham Lincoln, by George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

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